

# The Ballad of the CLOAK:

## Or, The Cloak's Knavery.

To the Tune of, *From Hunger and Cold: Or, Packinton's Pound.*



Come buy my new basket,  
I have't in my wallet,  
But 'twill not I fear please every pallet;  
Then mark what I say, I swear by my youth,  
That every line in my Ballad is truth,  
A ballad of wit, a brave ballad of worth,  
'Tis newly printed, and newly come forth:  
'Twas made of a Cloak that fell out with a Gown,  
That cramp'd all the Kingdom, and cripp'd the Crown.  
I'll tell you in brief,  
A story of grief,  
Which happen'd when Cloak was Commander in chief:  
He rose Common-prayers,  
Impress'd Lord-mayors,  
In one day he voted down Bishops and Players:  
He made People in point of Obedience,  
And the Covenant did cut off the Ditch of Allegiance.

Then let us endeavour to pull the Cloak down,  
That cramp'd all the Kingdom, and cripp'd the Crown.  
It was a black Cloak,  
In good time he it spoke,  
That kill'd many thousands, but never struck stroak:  
With hatchet and rope,  
The sorrow-hope,  
Was join'd with the Devil to pull down the Pope;  
It set all the Bells in the City to work,  
And rather then fail, 'twould have brought in the Turk:  
Then let us endeavour, &c.  
It lez'd on the Tow'r-guns,  
Those fierce Demi-gorgons,  
It brought in the Bag-pipes, and pull'd down the Organs,  
The Pulpits did smook,  
The Churches did choak:  
And all our Religion was turn'd to a Cloak:  
It brought in Lay-elders could not write nor read,  
It set publick faith up, and pull'd down the Creed:  
Then let us endeavour, &c.  
This pious Imposter,  
Such fury did foster,  
It left us no penny, nor no Pater-noster,  
It thwack'd to the ground,  
Ten Commandment-stones,  
And set up twice twenty times ten of its own:  
It routed the King, and Villains elected,  
To plunder all those whom they thought disaffected:  
Then let us endeavour, &c.  
To blind Peoples eyes,  
This Cloak was so wise,  
It took of Ship-money, but set up Exchequer;  
Men brought in their Plate,  
For reasons of State,  
And gave it to Tom Trumpeter and his Mate;  
In Pamphlets it writ many specious Epistles,  
To cozen poor Wench's of bodkins and whistles:  
Then let us endeavour to pull the Cloak down,  
That cramp'd all the Kingdom, and cripp'd the Crown.

In Pulpits it robed,  
And was much approved,  
For crying out:—Fight the Lord's Battle, Beloved:  
It baptiz'd the Bawdy,  
Put Priests down,  
It trod on the Pope to reach at the Crown;  
And into the field it an Army did bring,  
To aim at the Council, but shot at the King:  
Then let us endeavour, &c.

It raised up Scares,  
Whose political Dates,  
Do now keep their quarters on the City-gates;  
To Father and Mother,  
To Sister and Brother,  
It gave a Commission to kill one another:  
It took up Mens Horses at very low rates,  
And plunder'd our Goods to secure our Estates:  
Then let us endeavour, &c.

This Cloak did proceed,  
To a damnable deed,  
It made the best Mirror of Majesty bleed;  
Though Cloak not ro't,  
He let on foot,  
By rallying and calling his journey-men to't:  
For never had come such a bloody Disaster,  
If Cloak had not first drawn a sword at his Master:  
Then let us endeavour, &c.

Who some of them went hence,  
By sorrowful sentence,  
This lofty long Cloak is not mov'd to repentance,  
But he and his Men,  
Twenty-thousand times ten,  
Are plotting to do their tricks over again;  
But let this proud Cloak to Authority stoop,  
Or Catch will provide him a button and loop:  
Then let us endeavour to pull the Cloak down,  
That basely did sever the Head from the Crown.

Let's pray that the King  
And his Parliament,  
In sacred and secular things may consent:  
So righteously firm,  
And religiously free,  
That Papists and Atheists suppressed may be:  
And as there's one Deity both over-reign us,  
One Faith, and one Form, and one Church may contain us,  
Then Peace, Truth, and Plenty, our Kingdom will crown,  
And all popish Plots and their Plotters shall down.